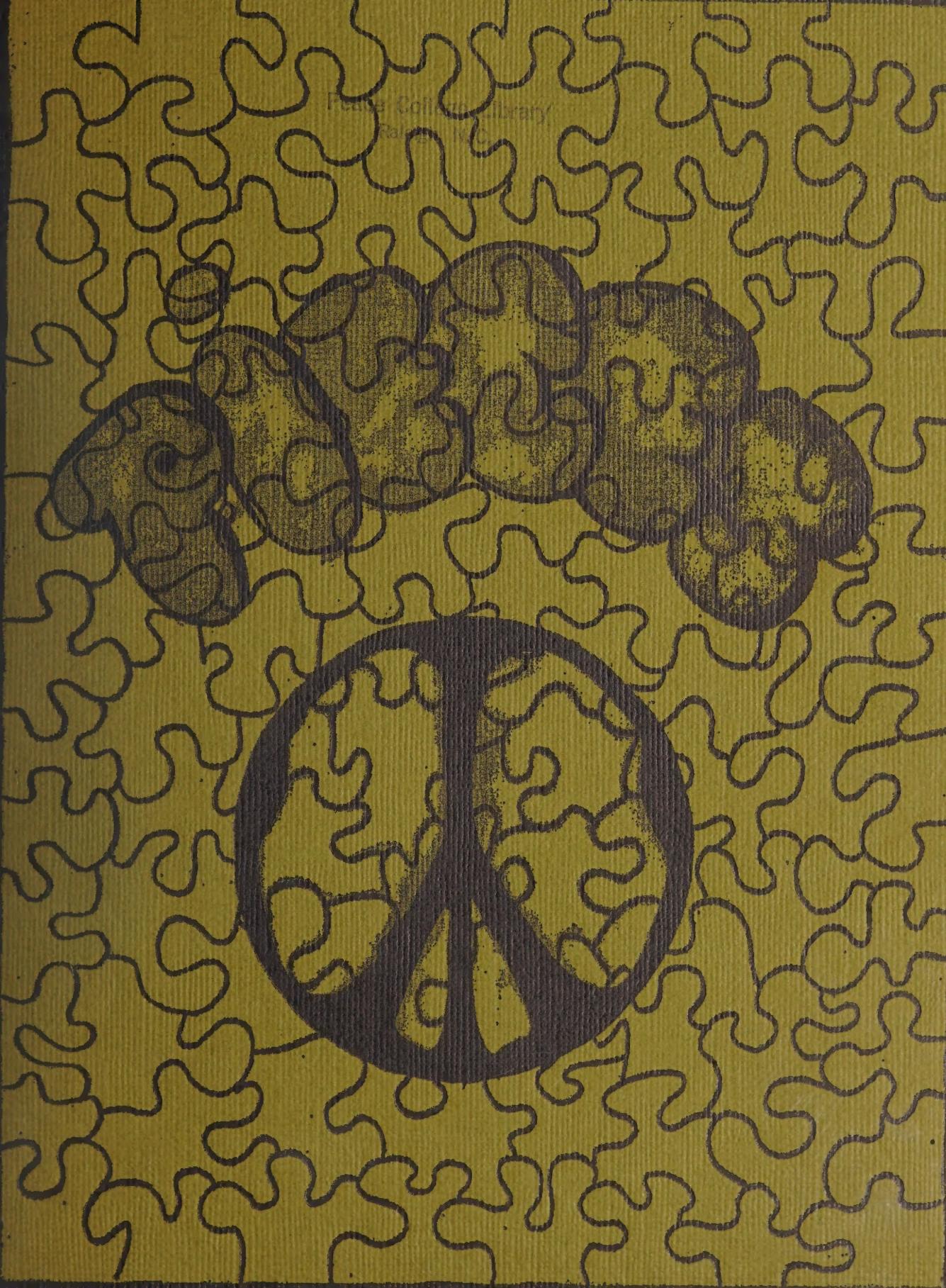
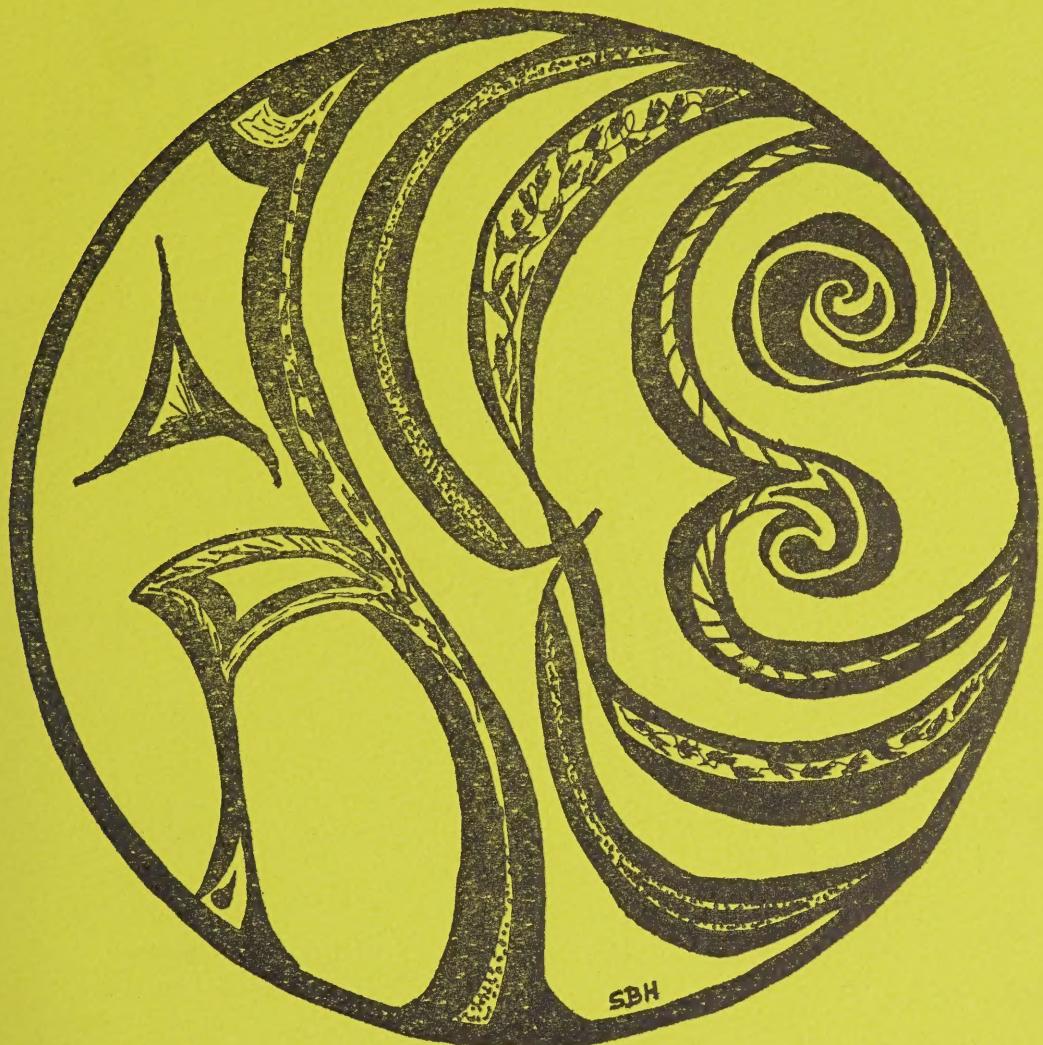


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SPRING 1970

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Mrs. Righton McCallum
Mrs. Sara Claytor
Mr. W. K. Wilkinson*

PEACE COLLEGE

1970

1970

A quarter till twelve
and i am alone
within a self-imposed shell
of
solitude . . .
Completely oblivious to
the
gaiety and fireworks
heralding a New Year's
alpha.

Why must a new year enter
on a frivilous and drunken note?
Humanity drown itself
in 90 proof—
Conveniently putting the
world's cruelty
and inhumanity out of mind,
until . . .
one minute past twelve.

Ridiculous resolutions
are made
and
forgotten . . .
with the rising sun
on January 1st.
A most futile celebration
New Year's eve
serving no real purpose . . .
Merely sedating man's
basic nature
for a time . . .
Promises of Peace
and goodwill will fly through
the air,
and vanish again
in the night

The lights go out,
kisses are exchanged
And the party
horns are put away
for another
year
And
everyone
sleeps—
only
to awaken
and see this world
through bloodshot eyes
as it truly is — no
better
for the preceeding
night's
hilarity.

Craig Broadhurst, '71



*Such as it is . . .
I take my cup called failure
And fill it at the faucet called despair
And drink to my health—and life*

Anne Crone, '71

When dreams are dreamed
And time is gone
And hope is lost
I'll be alone

The sky cries broken rainbow-drops,
Wind cries, dies and stops
And air-sick mediocracy turns to
Cold stone—faces of infinity.

My heart and all its bleeding thoughts
Think only of a love that's lost
And all my trivial unending fears,
Stretch to cold impartial tears.

Anne Crone, '71



PEACE

Blank Walls . . .
Everywhere I turn
They face me.
Closing in—
Stifling.
Fighting depression—
Within walls of plaster
That contain other walls
Blocking communication
A roommate who lives
In walls
I'm unable to penetrate
A boy I don't love—
Speaks of rainbows
I cannot see
Reciprocal feelings?
I'm not able to give
What is not there.
I'm sick of boys
Who don't give a flying
Damn
About a girl
Superficial relationships and
Girls are used and broken
and traded in for other toys
Pressures Increase
My head pounds
With the knowledge I must obtain
My stomach turns
With facts I must consume—
An regurgitate
Accurately in a blue book.
Where is the purpose?
No reason on direction
In my world of dead ends . . .
And blank Walls—

LAST TUESDAY

Last Tuesday afternoon as I
was walking along the roadside,
A big mack-truck rumbled by
and ran over my sister.
He didn't stop, just kept on
rumbling.
I picked her up, dropped her
in a ditch, and threw pebbles
all over her body.
Then I walked to the drug
store and bought bubble gum.

Ann Croom, '71

Craig Broadhurst, '71

THAT DAY

My mother is dead
She lies cold in
Her own bed, in her own
Room upstairs.

My father is looking
Out of the window—at nothing.
Big tears—tears too
Big to spill
From human eyes
Are pouring, like rain,
Down his high cheek bones
And splattering on his
Freshly starched shirt collar.

Those tears are dampening
The wool on the lapels of his coat.
I never saw him cry.
He is a man
Too strong for emotion.

My sisters are
Huddled to-gether over there
Trembling.
They look like young chickens
Weathering their first storm
Pin feathers are small
Protection for them.

My brother is walking to daddy—
His wife is pregnant
With his first child
And waits alone
Apart from us.
She is kind not to see
Our naked grief.

All of the grand children
Are asleep somewhere.
I think I am
Sobbing, sobbing, sobbing
My feet are tons of lead.
I am groping along
A wall.
I'm in the arms of a widow.

My mother is dead
We'll ride behind
Her body—
In a funeral procession
To-morrow.

He'll pass that coca cola
Sign again—
Where that pretty girl offers
You a bottle, and smiles
Refreshingly.

People along the busy street
Will be buying
And selling, as usual.
The sun will shine—
I think.
Our old cat has kittens
Again.
The door bell is ringing.
My mother is dead.



You're reading this, aren't you?
Aha! I thought you would.
And all the time you're thinking to yourself
What the hell is going on — This doesn't say a thing.

You're thinking that, aren't you?
Isn't this somewhat like listening to people talk
And saying to yourself — They aren't saying anything?
But still you listen, and still you read.

You're wondering why you do this, aren't you?
Why you keep pushing your mind to learn this way?
Is it because you must continue in order to live?
What would happen if you shut yourself away the world?

You're asking yourself what would happen now, aren't you?
So go ahead, stop reading and listening and learning.
At first your mind will feel unusually rested and at peace.
But then you'll realize you have died.

Janis Bickett, '70



When I was growing up I had 25 friends—I now
have one and consider her a treasure.

Craig Broadhurst, '71

*The pale grey-white lady
Raised her shadowy hand
A liquid purple smile stained
Her mask-face
One dream-like finger beckoned
And her voice floated . . .
To me
Her pink-dew eyes
Crashed against her marble
Face — making black smudges
She laughed
And faded from infinity . . .*

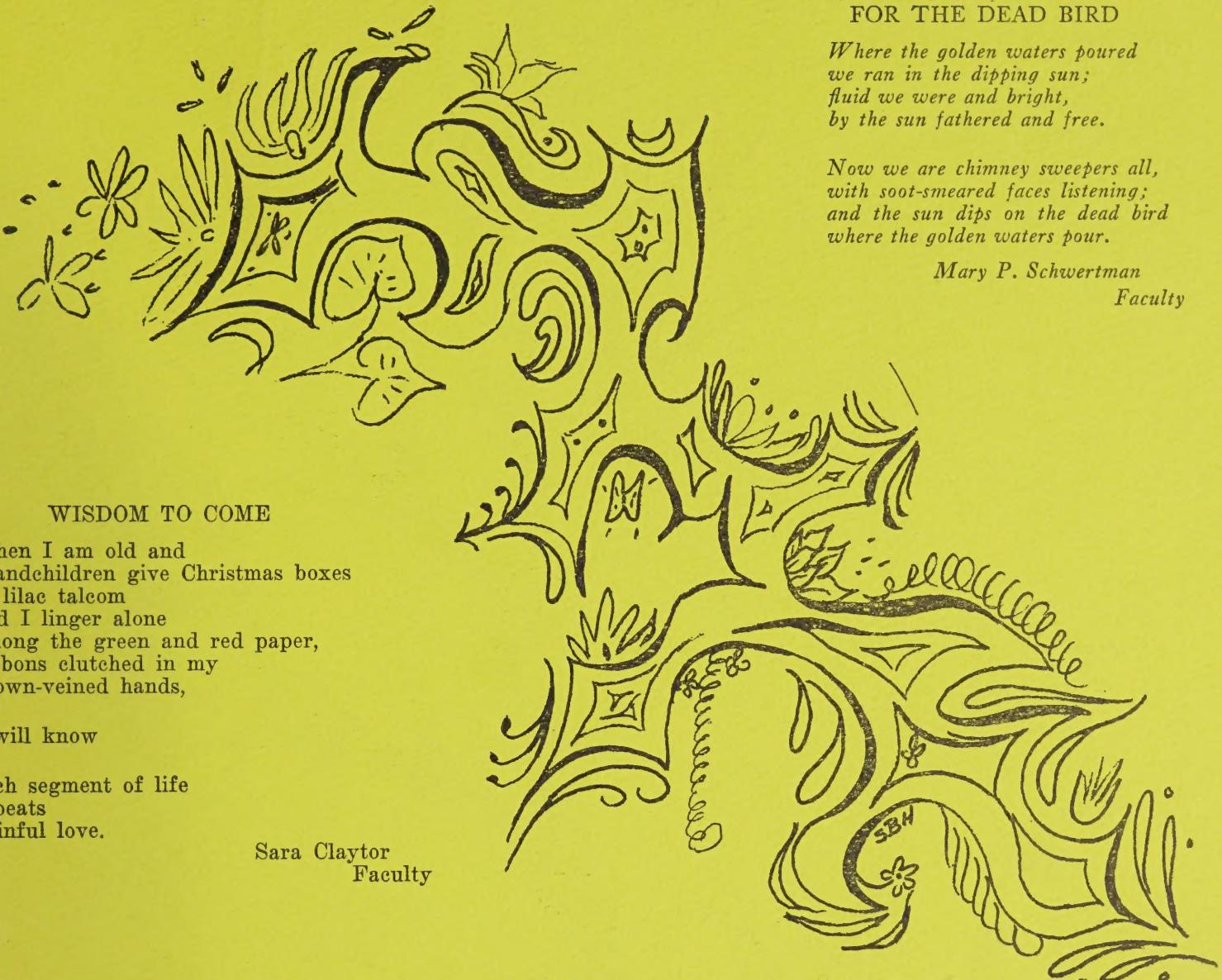
Anne Crone, '71

FOR THE DEAD BIRD

Where the golden waters poured
we ran in the dipping sun;
fluid we were and bright,
by the sun fathered and free.

Now we are chimney sweepers all,
with soot-smeared faces listening;
and the sun dips on the dead bird
where the golden waters pour.

Mary P. Schwertman
Faculty



WISDOM TO COME

When I am old and
grandchildren give Christmas boxes
of lilac talcom
and I linger alone
among the green and red paper,
ribbons clutched in my
brown-veined hands,

I will know

each segment of life
repeats
painful love.

Sara Claytor
Faculty

*I can lead the world, but I will not follow
I can remove mountains, but I will not stop to plant a tree,
I can wage war, but I will not suffer defeat.
I can start a fire raging, but I will not light a single candle.*

*I have landed on the moon, and yet I hardly know my world.
I can stop hunger in Biafra, yet I cannot feed my children.
I can give your tired body a new heart, but I cannot give you love
to fill it.*

I can march for Civil Rights, but I don't really give a damn.

*I can build huge skyscrapers, yet I do not have time to mend your
church's steeple.*

*I can go to parties every night, but Sunday morning I must sleep —
don't wake me.*

*I am friends with millions, I cannot waste my time on only one.
I am a success. I am the product of your world.*

Janis Bickett, '70

ON THE WAY TO TOMORROW

In the center of the castle
Pulsing with the beating of my blood,
Gothic castle, chill-sweating stones,
Hiding in the mistings of my dreams,
Lies a pool in a room
Triple-shadowed, dark.

Vermillion curtains on the walls
Of half-forgotten corridors
Cloak a hunching figure,
Whose face, behind its glowing mask,
Is one familiar, like my own
Reflection in the amber, liquid, still.

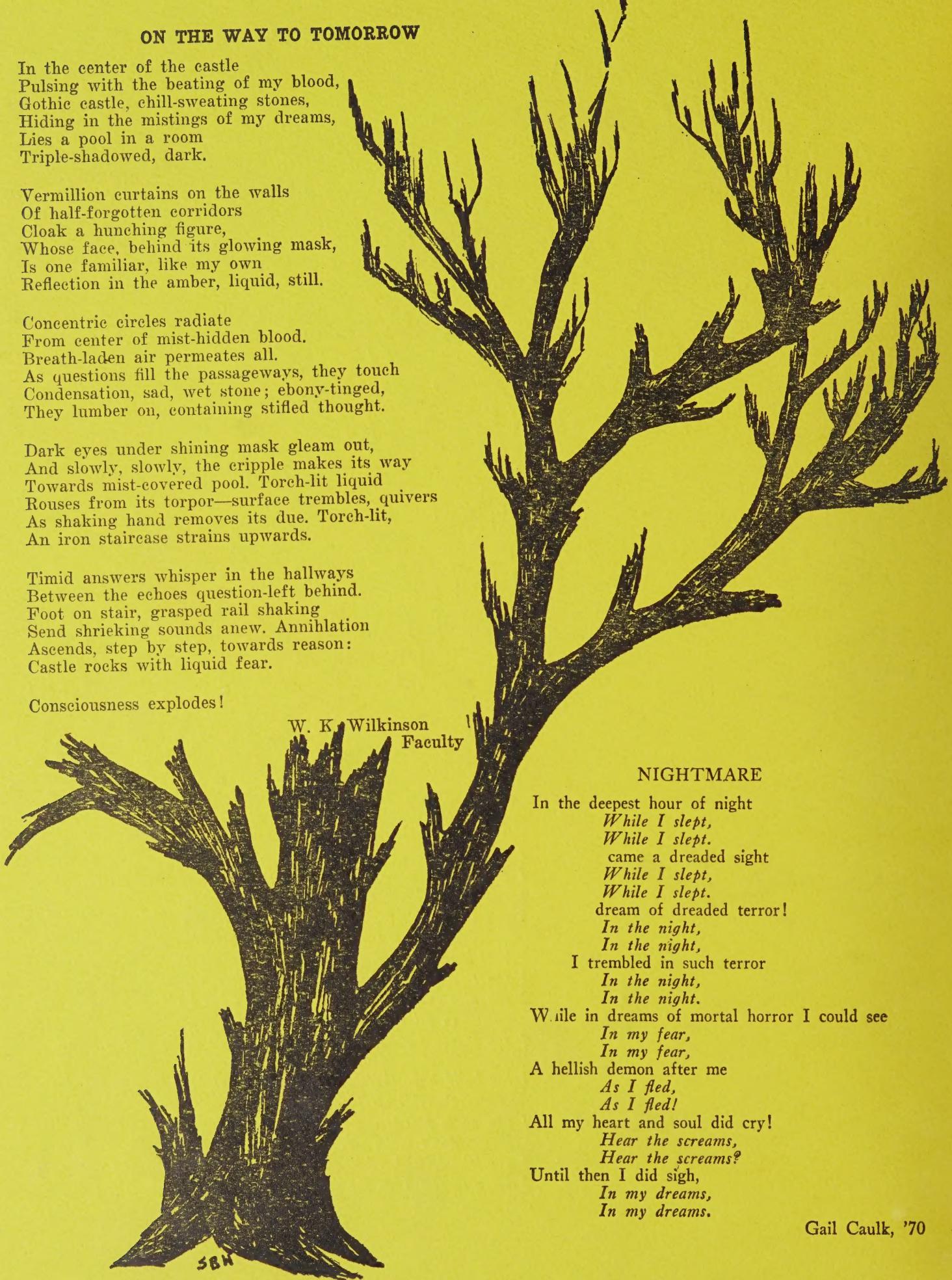
Concentric circles radiate
From center of mist-hidden blood.
Breath-laden air permeates all.
As questions fill the passageways, they touch
Condensation, sad, wet stone; ebony-tinged,
They lumber on, containing stifled thought.

Dark eyes under shining mask gleam out,
And slowly, slowly, the cripple makes its way
Towards mist-covered pool. Torch-lit liquid
Rouses from its torpor—surface trembles, quivers
As shaking hand removes its due. Torch-lit,
An iron staircase strains upwards.

Timid answers whisper in the hallways
Between the echoes question-left behind.
Foot on stair, grasped rail shaking
Send shrieking sounds anew. Annihilation
Ascends, step by step, towards reason:
Castle rocks with liquid fear.

Consciousness explodes!

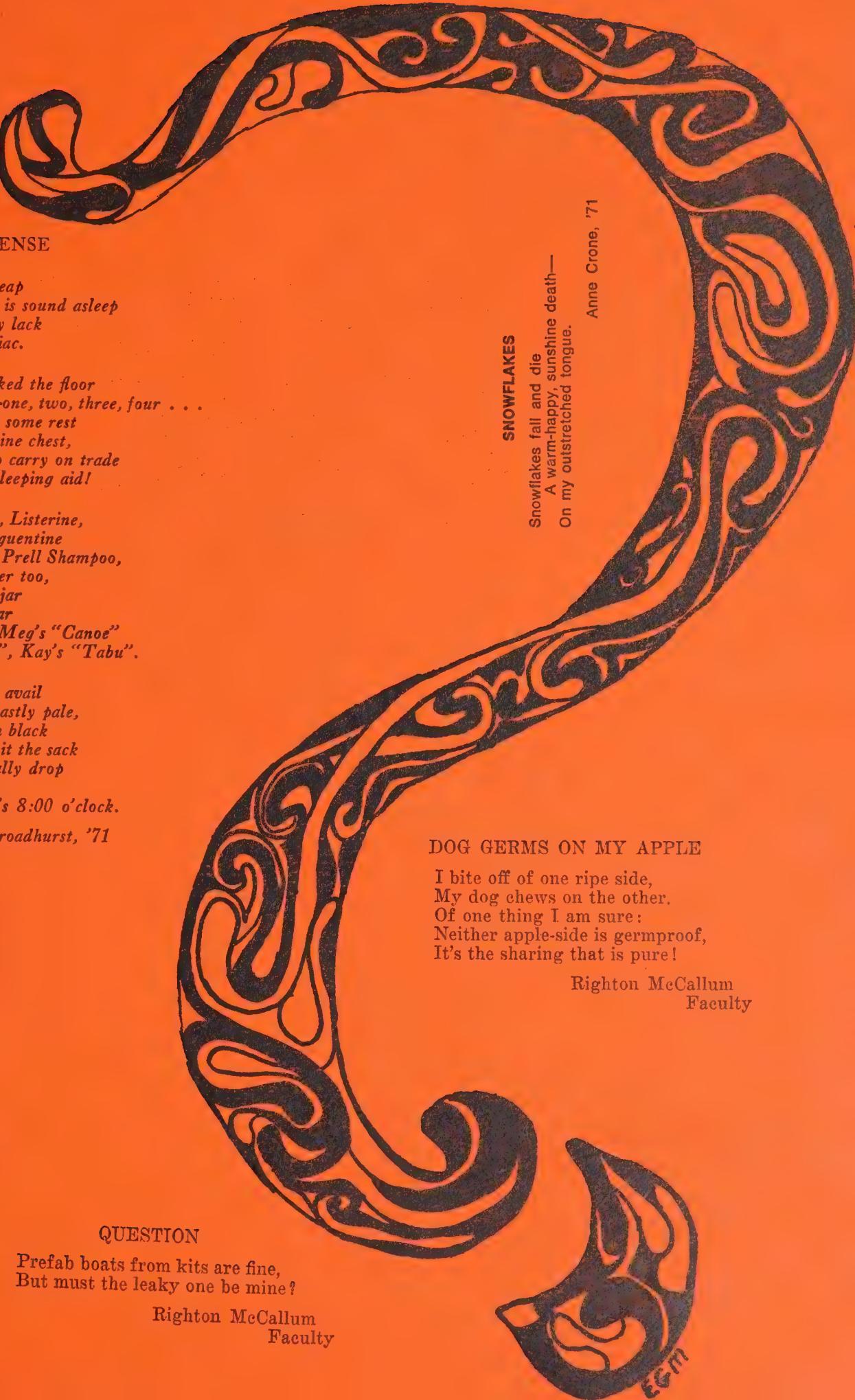
W. K. Wilkinson
Faculty



NIGHTMARE

In the deepest hour of night
While I slept,
While I slept,
came a dreaded sight
While I slept,
While I slept,
dream of dreaded terror!
In the night,
In the night,
I trembled in such terror
In the night,
In the night.
While in dreams of mortal horror I could see
In my fear,
In my fear,
A hellish demon after me
As I fled,
As I fled!
All my heart and soul did cry!
Hear the screams,
Hear the screams?
Until then I did sigh,
In my dreams,
In my dreams.

Gail Caulk, '70



NONSENSE

*Here I lie in a nervous heap
While everyone else is sound asleep
But sleep is what I truely lack
For I am an insomniac.*

*I've read a book and walked the floor
I've counted sheep—one, two, three, four . . .
In hopes that I might get some rest
I tiptoe to the medicine chest,
Enough products there to carry on trade
But not one single sleeping aid!*

*Family size Right Guard, Listerine,
Crest toothpaste and Unguentine
Gillette blue blades, Prell Shampoo,
Baby Oil and Powder too,
Noxema skin cream in a jar
Lux soap facial beauty bar
Becky's "Ambush", Meg's "Canoe"
Karen's "Windsong", Kay's "Tabu".*

*I search and search to no avail
And now I am a ghastly pale,
My eyes are red circled in black
So I tiptoe out and hit the sack
Yet when my eyelids finally drop
My roommate yells
"It's 8:00 o'clock.*

Craig Broadhurst, '71

QUESTION

*Prefab boats from kits are fine,
But must the leaky one be mine?*

*Righton McCallum
Faculty*

SNOWFLAKES

*Snowflakes fall and die
A warm-happy, sunshine death—
On my outstretched tongue.*

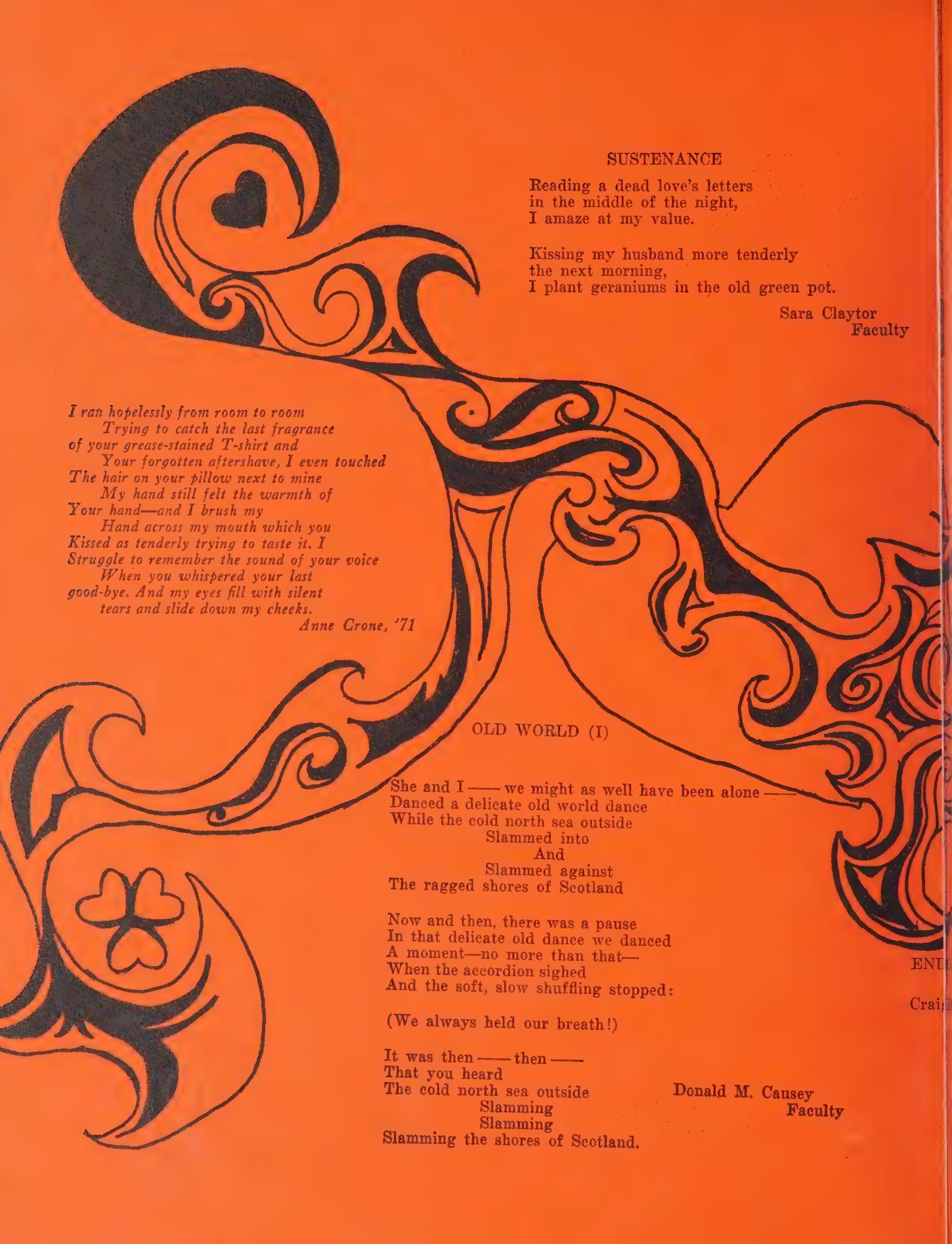
Anne Crone, '71

DOG GERMS ON MY APPLE

*I bite off of one ripe side,
My dog chews on the other.
Of one thing I am sure:
Neither apple-side is germproof,
It's the sharing that is pure!*

*Righton McCallum
Faculty*

ECM



SUSTENANCE

Reading a dead love's letters
in the middle of the night,
I amaze at my value.

Kissing my husband more tenderly
the next morning,
I plant geraniums in the old green pot.

Sara Claytor
Faculty

I ran hopelessly from room to room
Trying to catch the last fragrance
of your grease-stained T-shirt and
Your forgotten aftershave, I even touched
The hair on your pillow next to mine
My hand still felt the warmth of
Your hand—and I brush my
Hand across my mouth which you
Kissed as tenderly trying to taste it. I
Struggle to remember the sound of your voice
When you whispered your last
good-bye. And my eyes fill with silent
tears and slide down my cheeks.

Anne Crone, '71

OLD WORLD (I)

She and I — we might as well have been alone —
Danced a delicate old world dance
While the cold north sea outside
Slammed into
And
Slammed against
The ragged shores of Scotland

Now and then, there was a pause
In that delicate old dance we danced
A moment—no more than that—
When the accordion sighed
And the soft, slow shuffling stopped:

(We always held our breath!)

It was then — then —
That you heard
The cold north sea outside
Slamming
Slamming
Slamming the shores of Scotland.

Donald M. Causey
Faculty

END

Craig

LOVE'S LOSS

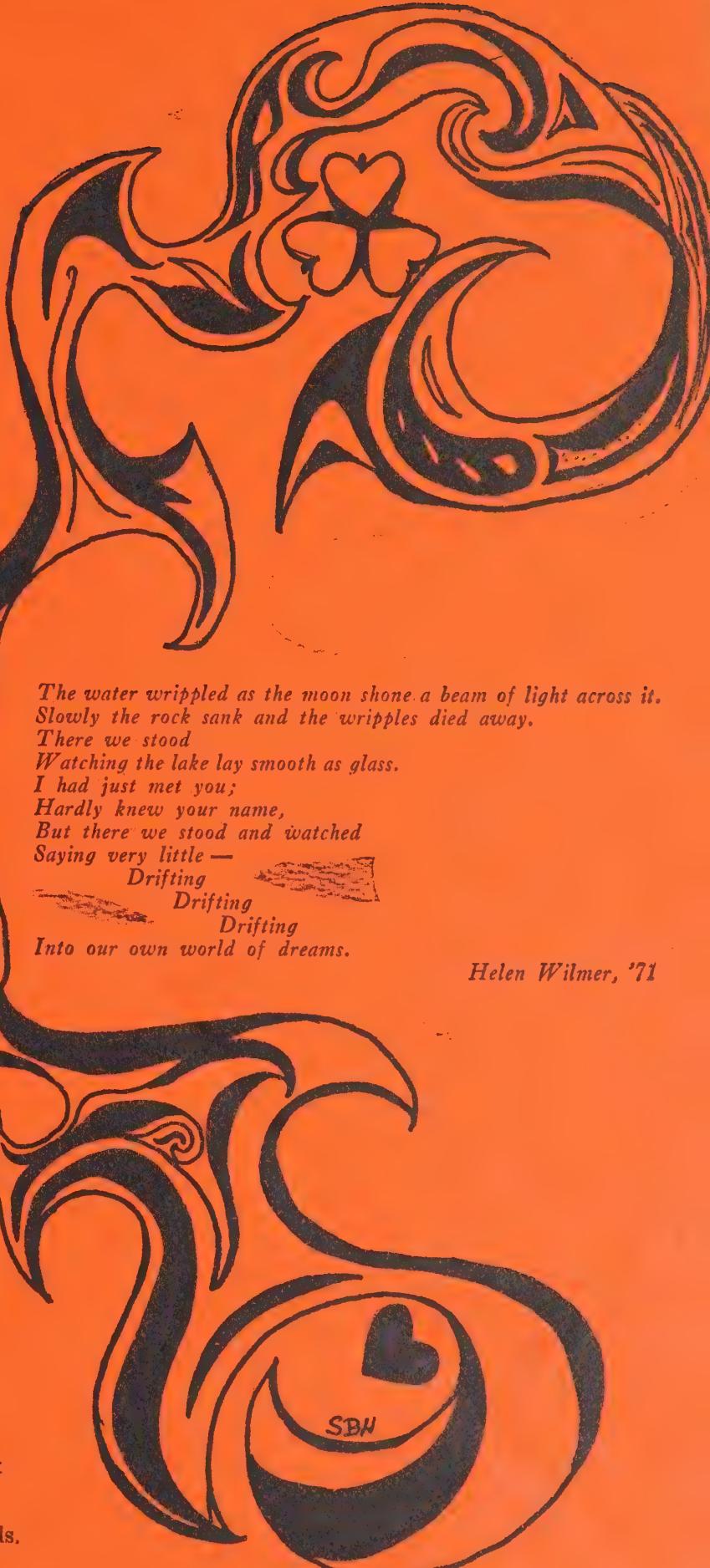
As I am, so it is
Falling soft without a sound,
Like tiny balls of cotton
Spread o'er all the ground.

It stays but just a little while
A day-or two-or more,
As I have all my life,
But may be never more.

The sun's warm love, as you, will come
And melt it all away,
But I'll stay with you always,
Forever and a day.

By its loves warmth, it lost itself
Nevermore to be.
But with you I've found myself
And lost only purity.

Gail Caulk, '70



*The water rippled as the moon shone a beam of light across it.
Slowly the rock sank and the ripples died away.
There we stood
Watching the lake lay smooth as glass.
I had just met you;
Hardly knew your name,
But there we stood and watched
Saying very little —*

Drifting
Drifting
Drifting
Into our own world of dreams.

Helen Wilmer, '71

In Summer's warmth, you smiled at me
And I returned the grin,
We didn't know that with our smiles
A real love would begin.

In Fall's crisp air, you took my hand
And trusting . . . I held on,
We didn't know we'd grow so close
Our clasped hands just felt strong.

In Winter's snow, you held me tight
To keep me from the cold,
We couldn't see that quiet night
Our year was growing old.

And now in Spring, you kiss my cheek
And tell me that we're "friends",
It always has amazed me
The way love starts . . . and ends.



David,
 From what troubled place
 Do your questions
 Come to me
 Of matters
 In which a mother
 Might be better qualified?
 Ah . . .
 You do not have
 A mother.
 Do
 Not
 Weep.

Je t'aime.

*Righton McCallum
 Faculty*

CARLIE

*Somewhat more than just a friend . . .
 I think back
 Over all the memories
 And Smile —
 Beginning with a casual comment,
 Progressing through twisted tablecloths
 To popcorn peddlers in condemned movie
 Houses.
 Together —
 We laughed and cried,
 Philosophized
 About everything.
 Like life and love
 and football victories —
 The existence of God
 And Bill Buckley.
 (With no apologies for giving God precedence.)*

*When the world tried to crowd us
 We left it.
 Trying desperately to lose ourselves —
 Inevitably returning to Guilford college.
 Seeking refuge in other places —
 Old Salem,*

*Lermers Folly . . .
 Gales of Laughter
 Drowned in the ecstasy
 Of hot fudge cake rolls.*

*Then —
 A ridiculous separation
 Curtailing our fun
 We live in very singular struggles.
 Reunion in August
 Friend to Friend — No more of this —
 No more of this.*

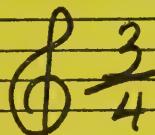
*And now peering in retrospect
 into the depths of
 what has grown — I smile.*

Craig Broadhurst, '71



Take My Hand

Words and music by Helen Wilmer, '71.



The times they are de — — pres — — s — — sing.

The times they are Blue — the times when we're

to — ge — th — er are all — — — — — too few.

2. But I find when I'm lo — ne — ly, you're al —
3. When I — m at your si — — de, all else dis-
4. You see you're some-thing spe — — cial; a rare shell

ways there. I feel we help each o — the — r
ap — pears. I feel your hand on m — y hand
in the sand. So come a — long my dar — — — — ling

12.3.

Be — cause
And I

we really
have no more

care.
fears.

Take my

hand.

Take my

hand

Waiting . . .
 Wondering . . .
 I had a dream,
 As one often does,
 And everything was white —
 White sand stretched for miles.
 I rode a white horse
 And wore a white dress —
 In the mist of a white fog
 I met a man with white hair
 Though he was still quite young —
 He took my hand
 And as I looked
 It was He grown old!

Helen Wilmer, '71



TORMENT

Tormented by the hand of fear,
 Tormented by my own illusions,
 Tormented by my fearful tears,
 I've come to a strange conclusion.

What is torment, is it terror,
 Is it sadness, is it pain,
 Or is it that I'm just in error,
 And the torment's within my brain?

Think of torment as being lonely
 Away from things you love.
 Is torment really that only?
 It fits me like a glove.

Think of torment as being painful
 Like living in a Hell.
 Oh! I'm so very fearful
 That that is where I dwell.

Think of torment as something horrid
 Like dying before you're saved.
 I'm glad that's something I did
 Before I reached my grave.

Gail Caulk, '70

THE WIND

Shh!
 Listen, I say,
 Listen!

Listen to the wind.

To its moan.
 To its groan.

Shh!

There! There it is, I say,

There!

That clattering slither in the dry leaves
 Of a life left unlived.

Donald M. Causey
 Faculty

Love

is a kind
of giving
which

one never
quite misses
when its taken.

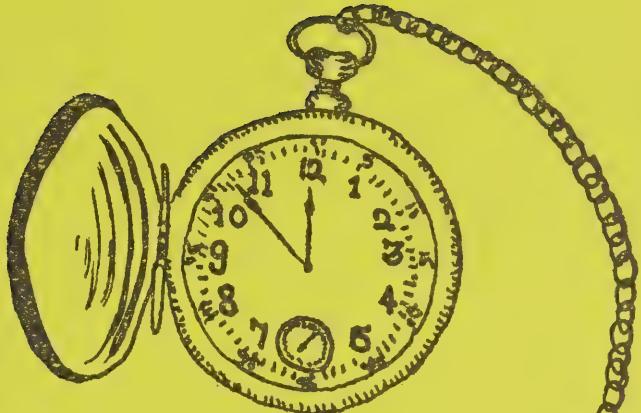
Craig Broadhurst, '71

FOR A DEAD PUPPY

It's only a dog . . .
My neighbor said
As she scooped him up
From the street.

But she was wrong . . .
And half my heart
Was left there
On the pavement.

Righton McCallum
Faculty



Yesterday's tomorrow is here
Tomorrow's yesterday is now
Don't waste today.

Sandra Burnett, '71



"ETCHINGS OF TIME"

*Age is cruel to people.
As one matures in years,
age seems
to pinch
and grasp
his flesh
only to leave it with
unbecoming wrinkles
that first begin to gather
around the corner of the eyes
Rapidly
passing time leaves
its increasing number
of scars,
and
eventually
as one reaches
a ripe old age,
he finds
a once smooth surface
all creased and puckered.*

Judy Robinson, '71

RANDOM WANDERINGS

Am I so terribly old fashioned
To think that sex is beautiful?
It seems that I'm in a "minority
Group"
Right Now—
People laugh at my standards
They say I'm foolish;
yet I cannot believe
That two people can honestly
Be one
In the back seat of a car.

What a horrible waste —
To give freely to **anyone**
What could be special to someone.
There are pills
And devices
And safety precautions . . .
But have they invented
A way to vanish guilt?

The gift of creating life
Is so precious to me,
I want to save it
For the man I truly love.
I would hate to become so disillusioned
with the imitation,
That I would never be able to
Appreciate
The real.

Craig Broadhurst, '71

The magnitude of freedom,
Is to go off alone,
To think what you want to think
To do what you want to do
And to sing off key.
To have freedom is to be able to find out about yourself.

Bee Moore, '71



SONG OF ADAM

Banished the ruddy limbs that knew no night
before the serpent's coils; banished the wings
of flame that warmed the day, preluding kings
of apple-trees beyond the serpent's sight.
Now in the last sword tones of gold like light
laid on the hills, ask the hour that exile brings
who knows what time of the bared night he flings
sand upon the copper Eve in Eden's flight.

Mary P. Schwertman
Faculty

depression comes again as i awake from my dream.
alone, i rise and sit on the edge of my bed,
my eyes still closed.
my ears hear the soft beat of life outside my window
and i know i am alive
i know i am alive but why.

depression always comes again as i awake from many dreams.

am i here in the midst of existence

only

to dream again
and again
and again
to awake over
. . and over

only

to find that my heart still beats.

i open my eyes,
a reflection of myself stares at me from a piece of glass.

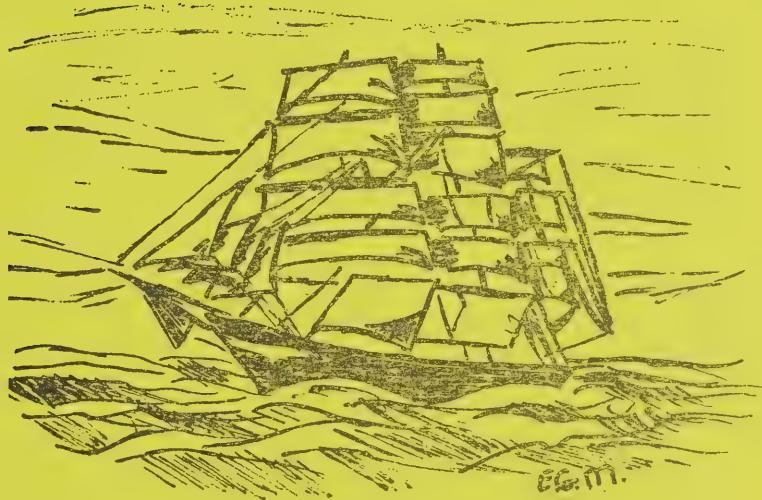
i must look away

beyond self-centered reflection through pieces of glass
to an existence void of reflection.

depression comes again as i realize
one must not rob oneself of a meaningful existence
for one shall truly destroy life's purpose.

Marsha Rominger, '71

Someday a brightly burning leaf
Will drift across your mind
And Shatter your consciousness
A breath of a memory . . . me
Anne Crone, '71



To be free is like
A clipper's mast reaching for the sky,
To sail the ocean blue
Not caring where you go.
Day by day
And night by night,
As the wind blows
You search for whatever may come.
And you take whatever goes.

Bee Moore, '71

WEEKEND TO REMEMBER — 'DEED IT

Weekend to remember — 'deed is what 'twas
'Found myself at his place — 'ramblin's what I does!

Firstis' comed 'da trash can — hose is what I found!
I smells a fish, says I — dere's been some gals 'round!

'Den I spies da bat-room — cabnit's 'ajar,
Toothpaste — squiz like I does, I likes that thar!

Next comes his bureau draw — what's dis I spy?
Two pictures. Lawd! one of him, one of I!

'Personal touch is next in line — perfume's da trick!
Splash her, one dere — pillow case, man what a kick.

I'se through ramblin' — enough is I'se found!
Mightn't be his only gal, but. I'se the snoopiest 'round.

Toppy Brown, '71



Sophomore Wisdom

she said.

stairs

on the

STUDY

CRY

in
the

S
h
o
w
e
r

LAUGH . . .
next year

Righton McCallum
Faculty



Butterflies in flight are
thankful, remembering a past
without wings.

Ann Croom, '71

PETER

"Peter? . . . Peter, I have to talk to you . . . Come here. Sit beside me . . . Thanks, Peter . . . "I'm lonely, Peter. You left me nobody else. You know I can't live without a companion. I have to have someone to tell me what to do. Why didn't you leave me someone, Peter? It could have been anyone, ANYONE, Peter. I need care.

"White isn't a color, Peter. Did you know that? People discuss it all the time because other people write about it. But if it's not a color, like people say, how can it be a combination of all colors? How can color plus color plus color plus color not make a color? People lie to me all the time. Why didn't you leave someone to protect me, Peter? ARE YOU THERE, PETER? OK. That's all I wanted to know. White. White. I was talking about white. Don't interrupt me anymore, Peter, it's not nice.

"White is a sterile color. But Peter, I'm white and I'm not sterile. This place is sterile. Everybody here is sterile. But I'm not. I'm young, Peter. I can have all the babies I want, can't I? Sure I can Peter. DON'T EVER SAY I CAN'T. You should always tell the truth about that. You lie too much, Peter. It's naughty. You're naughty.

"Do you have another friend to take your place, Peter? You should provide for me. After all, we lived together . . . You always said I was the prettiest girl you knew. All your friends thought so too. Peter, I wish we could have parties like we used to . . . Peter. Let's have a make-believe party. I know it's silly to pretend, but there's nobody around, they all left. We'll have to imagine all your friends are here, though. You tell me what to do Peter . . . I DIDN'T ALWAYS TAKE MY CLOTHES OFF EITHER!

"HA! HA! yourself. DON'T LAUGH AT ME, PETER. I WISH I COULD HATE YOU. But I can't risk losing you forever and ever.

"I know some algebra, Peter. as+as=as+as, BUT as=as/a=as=s, or ass! You treat the "as" just like you would any common type number. Not too much codine, just once a day—ALL DAY! HA! HA! Wow, you can laugh, Peter.

"I got to put a collage that I made in my room, Peter. It has just eyes on it. A million different eyes. I have to cover it when I get dressed and undressed, though, because I have men's eyes on it too. The eyes stare at me all the time. We stare at each other. Blue eyes, green eyes, brown eyes, amber eyes, grey eyes. But not white eyes, Peter. No pink eyes either. Eyes stare and no matter where I move to they can see me.

"Turtle eyes. I wonder what color they would be, Peter. Green, maybe? Green turtle eyes. Sparkling green turtle eyes, Peter. They would look like stars on the old Waly Disney beginnings. SPLASH! Sparkling green color.

"Why doesn't anyone love me, Peter? I TRY and be nice. Don't they like nice people, Peter? I'm nice when they're nice, Peter. YOU should have been nice to me, Peter."

Marsha Rominger, '71



PERCEPTION

I sit amidst the beauty and abundance of nature. Below me, a rushing river and farther on, a stagnant pool. The river flows with strength and power while the pool remains motionless. So man without God is motionless, lacking purpose and power for his existence. Without direction or meaning, man cannot be fulfilled. The river is vibrant and surges forward toward its goal. God gives man this kind of power.

A rushing river?

A stagnant pool?

. . . The choice is yours.

Craig Broadhurst, '71



*These fragments I have shared against my
ruins . . .
Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.
Shantih shantih shantih*

— T. S. Eliot

